UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Mr. Gandhi and Religion

All Paths Lead to God
Love the Positive Force

To speak of Mr. Gandhi and religion is at once to speak of an anomaly, for Mahatma Gandhi does not see religion apart from himself, or as something from outside grafted on to men. To him there is no difference between sacred and secular things. He believes the expression of life itself in man should be an expression of his knowledge of God and that no single act of everyday occurrence should be without its religious significance and sanction.

This deep realization of God that is evidenced in all the writings and sayings of Mahatma Gandhi has certainly intensified as the years have passed, but it has always been the great fundamental principle of his life.

I do not remember at any time, either in conversation with me or with those around me, or in any speech or writing of his, to have been made aware of his ever having had any doubts of the existence of God. He never, therefore, indulged in those discussions and arguments as to whether the world, as we know it, evolved from chaotic matter according to some blind law of its own, or whether it was created and upheld by something we call God. The story of his spiritual journeyings has not been to find if there were a divine principle in life, but by what path one can most directly find God himself.

At one period and for some considerable time he seriously studied Christianity, and was greatly attracted to the beautiful figure of Jesus Christ. But the teachings that have grown up around that great central figure fell far short of his conception of the nature of divinity. It was not, perhaps, the sayings of Jesus that left Mahatma Gandhi unsatisfied but all the other things ascribed to him.

On one occasion, when some dear Christian friend had tried to persuade him to accept Christianity as his faith, he replied:

"To you Jesus Christ is the unique and direct incarnation of God; I cannot set him upon a solitary throne, because I believe God has been incarnate again and again."

On another occasion a Plymouth Brother tried to convince him of the truth of Christianity, and said to him that man was by nature necessarily sinful, that, in fact, it was not possible to live in the world sinless, and that Jesus suffered and atoned for the sins of mankind. Mahatma Gandhi listened attentively to all that was said, then quietly replied:

"But I do not seek redemption from the consequences of my sin. I seek to be redeemed from sin itself, or rather the very thought of sin."

He studied the Koran to get the essence of its meaning. He studied the teachings of Zoroaster and of Judaism, and found them all good; but all left something unsatisfied in him.

(*Continued on page* 216)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CVIII MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1931 Number 13

THE ONLY HOPE!

I do not mean to say that there are not those connected with governments and, often speaking for governments, who sincerely favor disarmament, persons who feel as deeply as any one about the necessity of bold and drastic action. But what I do mean to say—and the record of the last twelve years will support my contention—is that when governments meet as a body to deal with disarmament, taking them as a whole, they are not for disarmament and never have been. When divided responsibility comes, the issue is purposely confused, imaginary dangers conjured up, and the people are again deceived and cheated. The only hope for the cause, a cause which in some measure is the cause of civilization itself, lies in an aroused, well-organized and well-directed public opinion.

The time has arrived when those who must make and pay over the money with which to meet these ever-increasing expenditures, should speak out in the presence of those who are responsible for the expenditures. Governments will do nothing unless driven by public opinion, not a mild pliable public opinion, but a public opinion vibrant with uncommon zeal and spurred on by an indignation commensurate with the injustice of the present program.

—William E. Borah.

With the Indian Round Table Conference adjourned and Gandhi on his way back to his native country, everything seems to be in confusion as to what has or has not been accomplished. So far as immediate results are concerned, of course, the Conference has accomplished nothing. With the exception of one or two utterly unimportant details, the situation today is exactly what it was when the Mahatma arrived in London. On the other hand, Mr. MacDonald seems to have promised some kind of autonomous government to India. But what kind is it, and under what conditions or restrictions is it preferred? We are frankly suspicious of any system of Indian self-government, so-called, which has the support of the House of Commons Tories, and think there is good reason for Gandhi's refusal to accept anything until he knows precisely what it is. When we see the full text of MacDonald's speech, which is not available as we write, and the full text also of Gandhi's reply to this speech, we may be in a position to pass judgment. Meanwhile, we have only the statement of the Mahatma that "he and the British Government had reached the parting of the ways." We must never forget what the great Indian leader came to England to secure—"freedom unadulterated," to quote his words spoken at the Friends Meeting House on the afternoon of his arrival in London. That such "freedom" has been offered by MacDonald, by and with the consent of Churchill and his Tory crew, we beg to disbelieve until we have seen something more positive than the confused newspaper despatches available at this moment. Long before this editorial appears the situation will have cleared. Whatever the temporary outcome, the scene is now shifted to India, where Gandhi is so soon to meet the "dumb and semi-starved millions" of his fellow-countrymen. In India and not in Britain, by these millions and not by England's Prime Minister, Parliament, or voters, is this whole question now to be settled. In this simple fact we find the sure prophecy as to how the drama is at last to end.

It looks as though a new propaganda drive were starting against Russia. It's about time for another flare-up of prejudice and slander. Furthermore, there is a real chance to turn the Sino-Japanese war into a world war against the Soviets and thus obscure all the real issues of militarism and imperialism in a cloud of passion against the Reds. At any rate, whatever forces may be at work, the canards are beginning to appear again. Thus, we learn that the five-day week has been a failure, and is being abandoned. This is an old one! We heard it the first time as long ago as last July, just before we left Berlin for Leningrad. Curiously—or not curiously!—we found the five-day week in full and successful working order when we crossed the border. Now the same story is being cooked and served again! A few weeks ago we were regaled with sensational tales about the failure of the Russian wheat crop. This synchronized beautifully, by the way, with a skyrocketing of wheat prices in the American markets, and the making of huge fortunes by canny speculators. But the "yarn" had no foundation in fact, as the harvest yield in Russia, while not as phenomenal as last year, is more than satisfactory. The discontent of the peasantry is of course a hardy perennial, and is naturally enough making another reappearance. At any time, now, we may be challenged to rage anew over religious persecutions, forced labor, dumping, and other familiar "crimes." There are plenty of sticks to beat this dog, and they will all be used in turn. But the public response to these libels is not what it used to be. The people today seem not so ready to get

angry over Russia, as to learn more about her. And they are beginning to recognize the current newspaper fables, and to look for real information to men like Maurice Hindus, Walter Duranty, and Louis Fischer. It is our own conviction that the days of the anti-Bolshevik mania are gone. In our present misery, we are looking for any way out, and Russia seems to have found one.

We are no partisan advocate of Senator Johnson of California, but when he denounces the secret diplomacy now practiced as an established policy by the United States government, we are with him absolutely. Never was there anything more ridiculous or outrageous than the air of mystery thrown about the recent visits to this country of Premier Lavel, of France, and Foreign Minister Grandi, of Italy. If ever language was used to conceal thought, it was so used in the official announcements solemnly issued at Washington to tell the people what had happened. That agreements, or at least understandings, were reached on these occasions which may well involve this nation in the most serious commitments, we do not doubt for a single moment. These agreements, or understandings, may be wise or unwise, good or bad, but in either case they should be known. The people in the last analysis must pay the bills, carry the burden. Why should they not be told what they are in for? If anything enrages us in these latter days, when the steady accumulation of disillusioned years is teaching us patience, it is the arrogant presumption of men, clothed in a little brief authority, to keep to themselves the knowledge of official action which is both by legal and moral right, the people's own. Rip open the archives, Senator Johnson—break the locks and smash the doors—and let us know what has been going on! It won't be long, now, before the European crisis will be upon us. Let us learn, before it is too late, what support of what abominations we have promised to France and Italy. Mr. Lavel's pronouncements, when he returned to Paris, were disquieting enough. What will Grandi say to his dictatorial master when he reaches Rome? These amicable meetings and secret pledges are bad business. Thirteen years after the Great War, it would seem as though we might have "open covenants openly arrived at."

Historians years hence may well come to recognize that the new constitution of the Spanish Republic marks a turning-point in the history of mankind. For this constitution, as at present written, expressly provides that the nation shall not declare war except in conformity with action by the League of Nations. The significance of this provision is to be found in the fact that it constitutes a definite and voluntary renunciation of national sovereignty in so far as the war-making power is concerned. This is wholly in accordance with the declaration of Mr. H. G. Wells first made some years ago, and recently repeated in his visit to this country, that we shall never get rid of war until the nations of the earth agree to surrender their independent sovereignty in the field of war and peace. As a matter of fact, this action of the Spanish constitution-makers is in reality a solemn legal enactment by the Republic of Spain of the Pact of Paris, which binds its signatories to the "renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy." The Briand-Kellogg Treaty, in other words, has been written into the Spanish Constitution! Of course, we are still a long way from peace when it remains possible even to contemplate a war at the initiative of the League of Nations. The whole spirit, if not the actual letter, of the Paris Pact as signed by the nations of the world is the renunciation of war as an instrument of *international* policy. War is outlawed! But not yet has the Covenant of the League been brought into conformity on this point with the Briand-Kellogg agreement. This act of reconciliation still waits to be achieved. Meanwhile, however, we can rejoice that we are living in an age when the work of abolishing war has proceeded so far that a body of constitution-makers in a new republic find it easy and natural definitely to renounce that age-old test of national sovereignty—the right to make war upon one's neighbor.

How do we handle unemployment relief in this country? On a flat, out-and-out basis of *charity!* We collect huge sums of money from a little group of rich men who never should have been allowed to gather wealth sufficient to make such donations possible; we beg and badger the rest of the public to give what they can ill-afford for the sustenance of their fellows; and then, with this money in hand, we wait for the unemployed to come along, and, like so many paupers, whine their necessities in a pitiable enough plaint to justify a "hand-out." And we think this is something to boast about! On the other hand, how do England and Germany and Austria and other European countries handle this problem of relief? When times are prosperous, as a regular and scientific method of procedure, they establish by governmental authority, and under governmental supervision, a fund. This fund is made up and sustained by contributions from (1) the government, from (2) the employers, and from (3) the employees. When a man loses his job, he registers his claim for assistance from this fund to which he has himself contributed on a systematic taxation basis, and at the same time his need for employment with the official labor exchanges. If the government cannot get the applicant a job, it certifies his need of relief, which is duly paid unless and until some occupation is found and some wage therefore secured. And we call this a bad name, "the dole," and denounce it as an economic waste and a moral dis-

grace! As a matter of fact, of course, the real distinction between the American and the European method of handling the problem is that between charity and *justice*. In America, we treat the unemployed as beggars; in England and Germany they treat them as self-respecting citizens. But in this country we have an economic aristocracy to support, a system of privilege to sustain. So of course we must keep the poor dependent upon the rich.

Our "wet" friends have discovered the secret of our business depression, or at least have uncovered the way up and out. This is to repeal the 18th Amendment, and restore the liquor business to its former activity. This will pour millions of dollars into the U. S. treasury in the form of taxation, start an orgy of spending on the part of the parched populace, and give employment to tens of thousands of idle hands in the distilleries and allied interests. In other words, it will put America into the happy position of whiskey-soaked Britain and bring to these shores all the glittering prosperity which Britain has been enjoying to the full in recent years! But, curiously enough, Great Britain is not so enthusiastic as we are about this wonderful prosperity which the liquor business has brought her people. As a matter of fact, she is not satisfied at all, but on the contrary is looking far and wide for some remedy for what she persists in calling her "distress." And her Tories—wise men, like our "wets"—have found the cure for British ills in a protective tariff. Looking across the Atlantic to the fat shores of America, they see the immense prosperity which is flourishing behind our tariff walls, and propose that their country raise a tariff wall of its own, and thus end all unemployment, poverty, misery, exactly as we have done. Personally, since we have our share of congenital human wickedness, we are glad that Britain is rearing this tariff wall, and thus showing what happens to a nation which piles protection on top of whiskey. In the same way we think it would be a staggering thing for America to add the liquor trade to her tariff taxes at just this happy moment, and thus join England in demonstrating what such a combination can do to a people in an era of world depression. We think the exhibition would be wholesome. But what's the use? Who ever learns anything from experience?

Artist and Philosopher

A brilliant English writer and critic, Miss Rebecca West, has had this to say concerning an old debate:

> It is the business of philosophy to establish what truths she can, so that the artist growing up within her sphere of influence starts work as close to reality as possible. It is her business to examine the truths established by the artist's creations, to see what bearing they have on those of her own findings. But the conceptions of philosophy are so much coarser than those of art, that it is infinitely distressing to think of them being thrust on the artist.

This seems a strange use of terms. Horace said, long ago, that new meanings would creep into words, in time, and that they would convey something other than they now convey. It is as if this had happened in Miss West's use of the words "artist" and "philosophy."

For when has either art or philosophy "established" truths? These reflect such inner aspects of reality as their interpreter, man,—as either artist or philosopher—is sufficiently sensitized to discern. There is no question of the conceptions of the one being "coarser" than those of the other; there is only the variation in the power of perception of the interpreter.

The artist, of course, never really "creates" at all. He merely becomes—or he may become—*more* man, *more* woman, *more* being than others,—and thus is equipped to reflect more of truth, more of beauty than do others. It is exactly this that the philosopher does, only he uses not paint or marble or a musical instrument, but instead he uses the medium of any other writer: Words. These processes have nothing in common with making the artist work to a moral program. These processes are merely the immemorial search for truth, for beauty, carried on supremely by both artist and philosopher.

The discoveries of truth and beauty made by a philosopher are by no means necessarily "coarser" than those made by the artist. As between Bergson, as philosopher, and many and many an artist whom one might remember, the Bergson perceptions of truth and beauty are far more delicate, more intense, more highly sensitized. Bergson has been expressing, as Anna Hempstead Branch said, something which poets have always known. But there are poets who do not yet divine these reaches. It is a toss-up as to whether this artist or that philosopher will be the first to divine eternal truth, eternal beauty. But the philosopher, like the writer, has only words with which to express that which he has been able to catch from another plane. The "fineness" or the "coarseness" of the reflections divined will depend on the kind of medium through which these divinations are received. Art and philosophy are tapping the same exquisite source of supply.

It is this source, too, upon which immemorably, religion has drawn. But religion has been so subjected to creed and dogma and walls, that not always have its followers realized that the bright area towards which they look is the bright area which artist and philosopher have been seeking to open to the world.

It is true, if one were to choose, one would say that, down the ages, the great seers have uncovered

and reflected the greatest beauty; and the artist has come next; and the philosopher, third.

Perhaps, as between art and philosophy, this is what Miss West really means. It is a pleasant emotion to resolve a difference.

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

"Gen. Ma loses troops, faith, and ammunition."—Headline in the New York *Herald-Tribune.*

"Troops, faith, and ammunition"—these three. And the greatest of these is ammunition!

Unemployment in France has reached a total of 110,156. One year ago the figure was 7,141. This is good news! Not that we want Frenchmen to suffer. But we know of nothing that will bring France to terms except a sharing of the misery of mankind.

A misguided youth, who shouted insults at Grandi on his visit to Philadelphia, was sentenced to two years in prison. This is bad enough! But it might have been life imprisonment if the young man had cried his denunciations not in America but in Italy.

Steadily the enforcement of the Prohibition law becomes more effective. By decision of the Supreme Court, U. S. agents may now seize and destroy not only all liquor found in speakeasies and night clubs, but all furniture, fixtures, etc. We imagine that, when this decree gets under way, law defiance will not be quite as popular as it has been in the past.

We passed in London this summer a shop which bore inscribed upon its window-pane the inscription, "By Appointment to Their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain." Under this inscription hung a sign, "For Rent"!

We are told that the vast machinery of the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 will be set in motion by a ray of light caught from the distant radiation of Arcturus. Verily, verily, Emerson prophesied more than he imagined when he wrote, "Hitch your wagon to a star!"

J. H. H.

European Notes

Sundays in Berlin and Geneva

I generally take advantage of a Sunday to go to church. Berlin and Geneva constituted no exception.

Berlin. The Quakers have a Meeting at 10 A. M. at their International headquarters, Prinz-Louis-Ferdinandstr, 5, while the American Church has a service at 11:30 in the imposing edifice, Nollendorf Platz. I went to both places. The Quakers are hard to find—for true to nature, they ask the seeker to go through a kind of needle's-eye gate, then a broad courtyard, a narrow door flanked by a push-bell, and at the end of a darkish hallway is a door that opens to a pleasant room and smiling welcome. A visitor to Berlin will always find a friend at this place where H. L. Cary—once of the Baltimore *Sun*—presides. At this particular meeting about a score were present. It was a silent meeting. The Quakers are a people of the "few" variety—but perhaps are of the kind described as the "few that are called." When millions of English-speaking people on Armistice Day stood silent for two minutes, I wonder if they caught it from the Quaker habit? As I had just come from Moscow, the day before, they were interested to hear from Arthur Watts, once head of Quaker Relief in Russia, who has returned to Russia to pursue his trade as a carpenter-builder.

I found a fine young couple—Rev. and Mrs. Ewart E. Turner—leading the American Church. They are intensely alive and progressive. For all practical purposes, it is a Union Church. The hymnal is Presbyterian. Pews have been given, and properly credited to many American colleges, all the way from Harvard to Leland Stanford. Ambassador Sackett is honorary chairman of the Church Committee. There is a good library connected with the church. The sermon that day was on The Problem of the City—a discriminating, inspiring appeal for service in the city of today. The Church has a Sunday School, a Sewing Society, pledge cards, a Student Forum, and under the leadership of the Turners can not fail to be a power for good. I had a long talk with them. Our friend, William Floyd, will be glad to learn that they are interested in the Einstein 2% Button—wanted a few—Einstein is to address the Forum in February. I learned that two itinerant Americans by the names of Holmes and Eddy had preached in the American Church, in August, to "packed houses." At the Forum, on this particular Sunday, Dr. K. O. Bertling—of the American Institute—spoke on the "Fabric of the German Soul." Among other speakers named on the program are Arnold Wolfers, Siegmund-Schultz, and others. When you think of the American Church of Berlin, chalk down one for the hope of the world.

Berlin to Geneva. Wanting to take this trip of about twenty hours by daylight, I left Berlin one morning early, stopped at Frankfort for the night; and at 6:00 o'clock next morning slipped into a coupe while it was yet dark and watched the dawn and daylight with sunshine break over the hills to the east. It was one glorious panorama of sky, river, mountain that rolled before me as our train sped on—unforgettable. Germany looked peaceful and beautiful, and Switzerland had on her most entrancing colors. My only regret is that friends cannot revel with me in the delights.

One of the surprising incidents of the trip to Frankfort was the meeting of a group of three from

Salt Lake City—a mother and two sons, Latter Day Saints. Pleasant people. They are part of a company of Americans who are out to win the Germans to their faith. What faith on their part! I was greatly interested in their method. They go by twos and from door to door—and not once, but several times to each door. They are trained in the art of selling their religion to all the nations on earth. They use tracts freely—gave me a couple—and engage in conversation when possible. They are tackling Great Britain, France, Italy, Australia—every land, and are making real progress. Their method would be well worth studying. Practically every good young Mormon is expected to spend two years in this kind of evangelistic work. Expenses are paid, but no salary—as I got the information. It must be a fine training and education for these young people, who are thus permitted to travel, to acquire a new language or two. It looks to me to be more inviting than to join the marines and "see the world." And their method I heartily commend to Union, Yale, Oberlin, Princeton! If all the theological students in America —Jew, Catholic, Protestant—went on the road for a year (after intelligent coaching) to sell their religion, something would happen that men would reverently call a "revival." Worth trying!

Geneva. There are, I understand, as many American churches in Europe as there were in "Asia"—namely, seven. There is one in Berlin, one in Nice, one in Paris (perhaps two) and one in Geneva. This one chances to be Episcopalian. Dr. Everett P. Smith is the pastor. There is a Sunday School at 9:30 which might be transported to the rooms of any wide-awake church in America, without change. It is the most American spot in Geneva. About a hundred bright young people were in attendance, sang well and seemed to be interested in discussion of great men of history. One hundred and fifty were in attendance at the morning service, at 11:00 o'clock. The sermon was on Faith. It was clear and helpful. Reference was made to Bishop Brent, who, as I recall, nearly broke his heart over the unwillingness of the conference on opium to consent to effective measures for checking the dread traffic. The preacher emphasized the fact that some lives were too good to be complete.

Will I ever forget the meeting, Sunday afternoon, in the Cathedral? It had been announced that there would be a meeting for prayer for peace, in which would join the Scotch Presbyterian, the American and English churches. Anything that bears the name of Peace will draw me a mile, whether it be a lecture, sermon, conference or movie! (I even went to a symposium on Peace and Religion, although I did not understand a word, just to feel the atmosphere. A friend told me that all the speakers, representing Catholics, Jews, Theosophists, Hindus, etc., clearly revealed that all religions were for peace; it was not so clear that they were against war.) So I made for the Cathedral. I never witnessed such an exercise. I can understand better why my ancestors fled to America for freedom to worship. Remember, the world outside was threatened with the conflagration of war, from fires started in far Manchuria. This was a union meeting of three churches for peace. What a place—this dark sepulchral tomb of a chapel, with no suggestion of power, life or glory. About seventy mournful looking adults sat in stiff, dark seats—gloom cast over all.

In a high pulpit a priest in black robes trimmed in red, read a prayer solemnly of short sentences, with long intervals. It was a prayer that China might be helped to put her house in order; that Japan might use her power with patience; that Britain might be led out of the present crisis and continue on the road of righteousness; that America might be led to full cooperation. That was about all, beside long periods and the overhanging gloom. (I couldn't help querying, is God dead?) The announcement at the end was made with solemnity that another meeting for prayer for peace would be held a month hence! It looked as if now was the time for increasing prayer! And, when the people stood up reverently, as the three black-robed priests filed out and departed, my Puritan spirit fairly shrieked within me. What a spectacle! How formal! Yet in the Cathedral of Geneva! The city with the Temple built to the God of Peace! But I feel like checking my spirit of impatience, for are not those who assembled better than the gay throng who think not at all of these things? Out from that company spiritual power may have sprung that shall pierce the gloom and find contact with the eternal mind and will. For when formality crushes, the spirit cries aloud. And, if ever, there is today the demand for the simple power of truth as revealed in hearts that are all aglow with fire from God. SYDNEY STRONG.

Life's Meaning

O the happiness of living
When we dare a lofty work!
'Tis in faithful future doing
That the good of man shall lurk.

Are not we a part of Nature?
Then to us the new-age call
The long prayer of years to answer,
And on earth bring good for all.

Life shall then have purpose for us—
We shall see it is divine;
And in fact, not dreamings longer,
Shall the earth with Justice shine.

Not in vain we seek life's meaning;
If we lift but heedful eyes
Voices everywhere enthrall us—
The whole universe replies.

JAMES H. WEST.

Feastday of Saint Francis

There are singers who sing for fortune
Or the loud approving din.
Francis sang for the beasts of the wood
On a faggot violin.

There are priests who bow to Dives
And rant at Messer the Devil.
In a congregation of wayside birds
Francis used to revel.

The Crusaders rode in armor
Of silver, gold and brass,
On Arab steeds in panoply.
Francis rode an ass.

Saint and sage and man of might,
Sir King, remove your crown;
This is the birthday of Joyful Saint
Of the tatterdemalion gown.

EDITH D. W. COLLINS

The President and the Big Navy*

When Admiral Rodman of the President's committee on the Navy League charges came out of its closing session, and the waiting newspaper men asked whether they had agreed, the emphatic Admiral commended the report arrived at in saltier phrase than is common with the exquisite. Every robust mind "caught his meaning," and said amen to the report when it came. Some may wish that the President had let the matter alone or simply delegated the fitting rejoinder to the State and Navy officials. The performance was so rank that public opinion and its organs would quickly and sharply have disposed of it. But his righteous wrath struck a sympathetic chord; and the people care little about the form in view of the wholesome results. A bill of particulars was required, and it was furnished. The character of the committee compelled universal respect for its findings; and the report itself, avoiding every retort in kind and simply presenting the facts, was highly creditable to the committee and to the Government. Plain truth is the only defense, and the only accusation, that will stand. The mischievous mendacities were exposed, and the air was cleared. Is there a sufficient sum total of seriousness in the American people to keep it clear, and as a first step to inform themselves about the real character and purpose of this Navy League, which has thus attempted to block the United States government; as Mr. Shearer, salaried by the armament makers, almost succeeded in checking our delegation at the Geneva Conference of 1927 and thwarting the purpose of that Conference? Nobody surely is blind to the fact that the present aim of the Navy League gentlemen is to thwart our government's purposes at Geneva next year and thus wreck another Disarmament Conference.

Who are these gentlemen; and how are their performances and purposes to be made patent to the public? Nobody would care if it were simply a matter concerning the fortunes of the Navy League. It is much more than that. The flurry of these days over the Navy League pamphlet is "a modern instance," a pretentious representative exhibition of a widespread and deeply entrenched movement in the country persistently working in behalf of militarism and a crass nationalism against American cooperation with the organized family of nations in every broad peace effort and international institution,—the League of Nations, the World Court, the Kellogg Peace Pact, and the reduction of armaments. It works untiringly for a bigger navy, a larger military budget, military training in the schools. It has largely captured the fashionable women's patriotic societies. It turns Armistice Day from its original purpose into an occasion for booming preparedness for war; and it slanders the President and the government for every contrary tendency. As such this defiant and ostentatious "modern instance" demands a searching review.

Some horny-handed citizens and even members of the white-collar class may have envied President Hoover's secretaries their singular chance to look over the list of 4,000 members of the Navy League to help the President select some propitious men among them for place on the committee to review the League's charges. That precious list had never before been seen by profane eyes. Indeed it had probably been seen by few members of the League itself. It had never been printed, in the League's yearbook, if it ever prints anything of that sort, or anywhere else. It existed only in a card-catalog, preserved at the Washington headquarters, accessible doubtless to any of the 4,000 who pilgrimaged to headquarters, but probably never carefully consulted by 40 persons during the League's whole life. Congressman French, chairman of the Naval Appropriations Committee, recently said in a public address:

> I challenge the Navy League to publish a list of all its members. I challenge the League to publish the list of investments having to do with naval construction, the manufacture of armaments, or any of the considerable commodities purchased by the navy. I challenge the organization to indicate to the public its sources of revenue. I challenge it to give to the public an outline of its expenditures and the purposes for which they have been used. I challenge it to publish the names of the members who have had a part in writing or approving the literature which the League is distributing.

It is needless to say that Congressman French did not smoke out the League's list of members or any other information. Perhaps the most useful result—unpremeditated because not divined to be necessary—of President Hoover's move on the League was the revelation that its membership is essentially secret.

The plain people would like to know how this extraordinary organization is managed. Does it have annual meetings, at which ordinary members may be heard? When was the last meeting, and who were there? How is the Executive Committee created? It seems to be a little coterie of society men, eminently "honorable men"; and the League itself, like its committee, is probably made up chiefly of New York and Washington men, with a contingent from the armaments centers. The ten committeemen are almost all (seven of the ten) New Yorkers of high social rank, who go over to Washington on the Limited for the rare meetings at the fashionable club. There is a Washington man, and a Chicago man, and a junior Henry Cabot Lodge; but it is essentially a body of New York millionaires and military men, two ex-officials of the War and Navy departments. Only two men failed to appear at the meeting this month, but they, both New York millionaires, were reported "solid." Only one who was present, Col. Henry Breckenridge, had the manhood to stand up and pronounce the proceedings discreditable. Later we learn that Arthur Curtis Janes registered his protest with Mr. Breckenridge. The rest seem simply to have signed the dotted line marked by Mr. Gardiner. One says this with slight misgivings, as the quick review of the document by the President's committee which they signed, showed it to be so full of gross misstatements and mistakes that few of them could have failed to detect them if they had read the document with any fair-

*The first of two articles by Mr. Mead. The second article, entitled "The Moral of the Navy League Flurry," will appear in our next issue.—Editor.

ness or any care. It was a most Jesuitical performance; the end justified the means.

Who cares about the personnel of this committee of rich New Yorkers, about their clubs or incomes or habits or habitat? I certainly hold no brief against rich men. I have found them as good as poor men, sometimes better, on the whole no better and no worse. It has been my lot to stand in intimacy with conspicuously rich men, as conspicuous for their public spirit and philanthropy as for their wealth. But when we find a little "close corporation" of rich men and militarists leagued together in the interest of privilege and of schemes inimical to the interest of the country and of mankind, willing to push their schemes in conscienceless ways, without care how they load taxes upon the common people in their reckless venture,—then it is germane, and it is obligatory, to remind the people that their movement is in no sense a national movement, but the hobby of a little local clique, a little set of New York aristocrats, presumably without democratic instincts, and with no dominant concern for what this American democracy stands for in the world.

Why was it that men of such standing and significance, for such most of them are, should be so careless of their duty as citizens compared with their vain group loyalty to an official who had got them into a scrape? The most primary propriety prescribed that they should not proclaim that they stood by their chief against the President of the United States without waiting to see what the President's committee said. Their reputation and intelligence forbid the notion that some of them could not have detected the blunders and deceptions so quickly to be exposed. It is a startling illustration of "mass production" by the machine. Their leader surely had so little actual cooperation from his committee in making up his pamphlet that it may rightly be regarded as the work of two or three, its promulgation perilously close to the famous performance of the two tailors of Tooley Street who issued their memorable manifesto as "We the people of England."

Why should the pamphlet not have been full of errors? Its writer boasted that its tables and figures had been prepared "in less than a hundred working hours." He did not need to advertise the carelessness and haste of the work. The President's committee needed little more than half a hundred hours to shoot it to pieces. The committee's review of the main part of the report is, as the New York *Times* well puts it, "as destructive as a salvo of eight-inch guns." The hasty report was so vulnerable that its annihilation was quick and easy.

Why was the pamphlet rushed through by Mr. Gardiner in such reckless haste? Manifestly for some immediate political effect in connection with the swelling demand for the reduction of armaments which, with the Geneva Conference, looming just ahead, has been finding such powerful expression throughout the country during the last month. Big navy men do not welcome this popular uprising, and will do everything in their power to thwart it. Anybody who supposes that Mr. Gardiner and the Navy League will be much affected by the report of the President's committee is much mistaken. It is a spring-board for more talk, with more confusion of the public mind, as the Geneva Conference draws near. Controversy is the breath of their nostrils, for it breeds confusion and delay. The discovery that the League's spokesmen have no credentials and no competence for the discussion does not count. But the Government may let the League now do the talking; for with sober men its prestige is destroyed.

Immediately, however, after the foregoing word is written, there appears, true to schedule, the predicted rejoinder from the Navy League. There are 6,000 words of it; and notice is served that this "is to be followed by a more detailed one at a later, as yet unfixed, date." This certainly adds a new terror to life, as a dread foreboding of a serial publication until after the Geneva Conference. The present issue contains nothing of the slightest interest to plain people, simply asserting with variations that in the controversy so far the League is right and the President and his committee wrong, and adding more meticulous balancings of tonnage and ratios as dreary and irrelevant as those of the first pamphlet, and as antiquated to the mind concerned with realities and the future as the Zodiac of Denderah.

President Hoover, and this is what the Navy League resents with such rage, is in sincere sympathy with the great disarmament movement. The millions of earnest men and women in the churches, the colleges and the better journals who are entlisted in this Peace crusade care nothing whatever about Mr. Gardiner's figures and tables, nor very much about the details of the Hoover committee's refutation of them. The same figures in the hands of the two parties mean different things, because they look different ways. The painful statistics all relate to a status which is rapidly passing away and ought to have passed long ago. What interests them is the goal and the bias of the President and of the Navy League. Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court has said many wise things; but he never said a wiser thing than that the mark and test of the great jurist is the bias with which he interprets and administers the law. The body of our law is not a dead thing, but a living thing, and the great lawyer is the prophetic mind that sees whither and why it is growing and helps the true course. Mr. Gardiner says that the President "does not know what a navy is for." To him it is a portentous machine with which to scare other nations tempted to interfere with our ambitions. To Mr. Hoover and the modern international men it is a provisional instrument for national defense and the maintenance of world order, which will be superseded by better agencies as fast as the world becomes rational and better organized; and in the development of those worthier agencies our business is heartily to cooperate with other nations in the great family of nations instead of holding them at arm's length as rivals or potential enemies.

For this is the central fact brought so sharply to light by this flurry—that the Navy League and the crowd that backs it are seeking to hold up the world's progress and our cooperation with the forces which are advancing it. They are struggling to set back the clock and bolster yesterday against tomorrow, to keep a narrow nationalism with its guns in fashion against the tide of world friendship and reason in the settlement of world issues. This has been brought into such clear relief that men are naturally asking why there should be such a thing as a Navy League, opposing the Navy department and the Government, at last by its arrogance robbing the Government and the busy

country of a fortnight needed for respectable and constructive work. Its purpose on the face of it is illegitimate; it seems preposterous. It is the very antithesis of such organizations as the Civil Service Association existing to promote purity and progress in the service. Here is a little New York coterie, with a few hundred anonymous paper men and women behind them, leagued together to promote reaction. Manifestly the thing could not go on.

This is the moral of the Navy League flurry. If the country does not learn the moral, then it is hard to see what will wake it up to the insidious and pervasive forces hindering at every point its international progress. The case is so obtrusive and so revealing that we should not grudge the effort to go to the bottom of it. We need pay no attention to the particulars reviewed by the President's committee; those are disposed of. We may none of us neglect as citizens the professed principles upon which the League's attack on the President is based. Mr. Hoover and the Peace party look upon the great new international agencies which have come into power since the war as the anchors of the world's hope and their advance as the true imperatives of all political policies. The Navy League's manifesto does not recognize the existence of the League of Nations, the World Court, or the Peace Pact, or regard them as elements to consider in our action. Regard for them is swinging on rainbows. The thing that has been is the thing that shall be; and the world so far as naval and international policies are concerned is and will continue as in the days of Trafalgar and Salamis.

Every nation and every man is on trial in the revolutionizing transition so rapidly advancing from the outworn system of rival nations based on force to international order and cooperation. It may take, but probably will not, as long for the new international agencies to become firmly fixed in effective and accepted operation as it took our Supreme Court; but the impossibility of any other solution for the world's problem is the assurance of the successful outcome. The man who has no faith in justice and reason, but only in guns, as ultimate sanctions, greets with a sinister glee each tough trial which confronts the World Court and the League, scenting encouragement for guns; forgetful that history takes all the time it needs, forgetful, too, that the inefficacy of his own tools became patent long ago. The old way has no relish of salvation, and its door is closed; while Elihu Root is right in saying that the League of Nations and the World Court have already done more for the world's peace and order than any other agency in the whole history of civilization.

The President, to these League gentlemen, is paralyzed by "emotional humanitarianism and pacifism," and there is no place for these in the world of realities, the orthodox worlds of navies and wars. His notion of the immunity of food at sea in time of war, to relieve non-combatants, is scouted by Mr. Gardiner, who devotes a quarter of his pamphlet to studying its effects relatively upon England and the United States in the case of war between them,—which conflict, and not one with Japan, is the thing always in Mr. Gardiner's bonnet. Mr. Hoover to him is no better than Woodrow Wilson, whose "intense pacifism" it was that prevented him in the period immediately following 1914, when we were neutral, from creating the strongest navy in the world, to become the arbiter of peace to mankind. It never troubles these fellows to think of our President as a dictator—dictators and guns go well together—spending the people's money as he pleases; and they forget that Mr. Wilson's strength with the people before 1917 was that "he kept us out of war." Such an overwhelming navy Mr. Gardiner would have us build today, "by far the greatest navy" in the world. This greatest of navies would be a "relatively less burden to ourselves than the present leading navies of others are to them"; and "all our influence in other parts of the world will be proportionate to our actual or potential power to control the use of the oceans."

"There you have it plain and flat," as Hosea Biglow would say. The American people can no longer plead ignorance of what the big navy people are up to; and it is for them to decide what they will do about it.

Who is William Howard Gardiner, who for the general public is the Navy League and who shakes the zinc that the hysterical take for thunder? His confident and imposing omniscience, by which he so jauntily scouts the understanding and capacity of the President, the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Navy, who are a unit against him, as to what concerns the country's welfare, implies a sage elder statesman dating from as far back at least as James K. Polk and our glorious Mexican war; but as a matter of fact he had barely attained his majority when William McKinley launched our heroic war with Spain and subjugation of the Philippines. Although a New York man, still in the prime of life, he was a Boston boy. His early education, for six years, was in a Jesuit boarding-school in France; and then he studied in a Boston private school and in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Up to 1907 he functioned in chemical, electrical and gas interests in Boston; and in that year he became a partner of Henry L. Doherty in New York. Mr. Doherty's place in the world of big business and finance has been so much more conspicuous than Mr. Gardiner's that the latter's career in his more vigorous New York period is best studied in Mr. Doherty's record. He describes his work during his seven years with Mr. Doherty—for he retired from business in 1914 for war work—as the "management and financing of public utilities"; but the story of the Doherty activities is much more variegated. Now, along with multifarious other big business activities, a Wall Street banker, Mr. Doherty, from his start with an Ohio Gas Company, seems to have had a hand in pretty much every sort of gas, electric and oil pools, in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado and Texas; and some time ago he was, we read, the head of a holding company for more than 100 public utility and petroleum properties with assets of $660,000,000. It is fair to assume that when Mr. Gardiner retired from his partnership with Mr. Doherty, it was not in penury.

In a word, Mr. Gardiner comes to the work of booming a big navy from the standpoint of big business. He and his prosperous associates on the Limited from New York to the Metropolitan Club in Washington for meetings of the Navy League committee can qualify for the gilt-edged "big navy" work, as the Shearers qualify for its dirty work. I shall consider later in these columns the moral of it.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

"Icaro"

In the newspapers he was called the lone eagle. He was alone, true enough, guiding his solitary plane from France across into his native Italy straight to Rome, Mussolini's stronghold. But an eagle he was not. For an eagle is a predatory bird ruling its flying world by cruelty and power. There was nothing predatory or cruel about this flyer. A poet he was and an idealist, loving liberty better than himself, willing to risk his young, promising life in the chance of awakening his fellow countrymen to what he considered political thralldom. As far as anyone knows he is lost, drowned in the wastes of his own beloved Mediterranean.

It was last Christmas time that fascist spies rounded up members of a secret organization known as the National Alliance of Liberty. Professor Lauro DeBosis, a poet and intellectual, translator into Italian of Frazer's "Golden Bough" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was its organizer. His home was then in New York for he was secretary of the Italo-American Society, a cultural organization. Professor DeBosis was the son of an American mother, Lillian Vernon of St. Louis (a cousin herself of Dorothy Canfield) and of a father whose name is a familiar one to all Italians as he was the Italian translator of Shelley.

The National Alliance was a comparatively harmless little organization. It sent news by means of a round robin and chain letter to its members. Each member was pledged to relay the news on to six friends. I have a copy of that entire correspondence. To an American it seems extraordinarily innocuous. It called attention to what they thought the dangers of fascism and to what they considered a contrast between fascism's promises and its achievements. By means of a program for constitutional democracy they hoped to spare Italy from a fresh catastrophe in the form of violent communism as opposed to the present violent fascism. But an Italian is forbidden to send anything through the mails which even hints at criticism of the government. For being members of this group Renzo Rendi, a writer and correspondent of American papers and Mario Vinciguerra, a brilliant art critic were sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment, the first year in solitary. Both have families. Rendi's third little son was born after he had been several months in prison.

Professor DeBosis was at the time of the arrests en route from America to spend Christmas in Rome with his mother and brothers and sisters. Fortunately he was forewarned and disembarked before the boat reached Italy. His mother, sixty odd and in delicate health had also been arrested but after an apology to Mussolini had been acquitted. It is not surprising that Mrs. DeBosis, first a mother, and an Italian only by marriage acted with what might seem on the surface a lack of courage. There were five other sons and daughters and numerous grandchildren and they were not all of her way of thinking. Lauro was outside the country, safe. The other five were inside the country with families to support and whoever has lived close to Italian political life knows what a misery life can become for the nonconformist.

To force a confession Vinciguerra was left out on the roof of a Rome police station naked the whole of a bitter winter night. Then he was beaten about the head until one eardrum was burst and finally brought in to watch Jugo Slav prisoners being tortured with slivers jabbed under their finger nails. Solitary consists of being confined to a cell six feet by six, the only furniture a steel bed folded up early every morning and only let down at night. No table, no chairs, no writing materials, no books or papers and nothing to do all day but to squat on the hard floor and wait for the bed to be let down at night.

Lauro was free and safe but with two of his best friends rotting behind bars it is easy to imagine that he was not at peace. The chain letter scheme had collapsed but he was still convinced that if the Italian people could know what he regarded as the truth they would act of themselves. He was opposed to violence. He believed that the same ends could be accomplished better by passive resistance.

So he tried hiring aviators to drop leaflets over Milan. He succeeded in enlisting several but at the last moment fearing arrest and imprisonment they failed him. So he set about to learn to fly himself. Though knowing nothing previously of aviation outside of literature he became in a short time an excellent pilot and obtained his license without difficulty. He bought an English plane and loaded it with pamphlets and on July 4th, the independence day of the American side of his family he flew to a lonely field on the island of Corsica where friends were waiting with a supply of gasoline. Unfortunately he struck a ditch in landing and broke a wing. The plane had to be abandoned and he was obliged to make his escape from the French police.

But the poet-aviator was not daunted. He went to Germany. He bought a plane in Munich but was delayed by bad weather. He fully realized the risks he was taking. He knew that the outside world would think him a fool if they thought about him at all. Nevertheless he persisted.

Finally when the rains had subsided and the period of full moon was over he started out again. Under an assumed name he flew his plane to Marignan field near Marseilles feeling that he would be safer there from police and fascist spies than in Nice. Again he loaded his plane with thousands of pamphlets and a hundred copies of Bolton King's "History of Fascism" which he himself had translated into Italian. On Saturday afternoon, October 3, he took off for Rome with two hours extra petrol supply and a few packets of chocolate besides his propaganda. Press dispatches told of the amazement created in the evening in the Italian capital by the sudden appearance of a lone airman turning and twisting over the thronged city. He dropped his first batch of leaflets on the Garibaldi bridge where Matteoti, the anti-fascist martyr was captured by fascists before being murdered in 1924. With supreme sense of humor he tossed not only pamphlets but packages of refuse on the Palazzo Venezia where Mussolini has his personal offices. And, argued the terrified police, they might just as easily have been bombs.

Two of the pamphlets were addressed to the people urging them to wage a campaign of passive resistance against the "blackshirt Hapsburg" and the most tyrannical, corrupt and bankrupt government in existence. A third addressed to the weakwilled and temporizing king declared that at a sign from him 600,000 citizens would give their lives to lift the yoke from

Rome. "Do not allow the Italian people following the Spanish example to hold you responsible for their oppression," it said.

Fifty planes said some of the dispatches rose in the dusk to catch the daring propagandist but he had disappeared. His friends waited in Nice and Corsica for his return but the plane and its pilot had vanished. His way lay over the sea. His flight had been a long one and his plane had moved swiftly. Doubtless his gasoline ran out and the sea which took Shelley unto itself has become the burial place of Lauro DeBosis as well.

Curiously enough this poet who became an aviator was the author of the Italian poem "Icaro" the mythical flyer who fell. It was this poem which won the "Olympia" (Italian) prize for literature some years ago.

I sometimes wonder if his mother and sisters and brothers looking up recognized the lone flyer that October evening as the bits of white paper floated down. I can picture them on the flat roof of their Rome house in the very heart of the city—enjoying the lingering traces of the sunset against the sky—their last glimpse of "Icaro" carrying to the end the torch of the liberty he believed in. DOROTHY WALTON.

Noise—A Matter of Predilection or of Sufferance?

The intensity and diversity of the largely avoidable noises to which we Americans are being subjected these days—owing to the progressive mechanization of industry, the persistent drift of the population to the cities, and the accelerated rhythm of contemporary life—are so evident, I take it, that to point out their existence would be but to state a truism. The phenomenon has begun to engage the serious attention of the medical profession, whose statistics and recommendations suggest a significant relationship between this excessive auditory bombardment and the prevalence of various forms of neurosis. It is even hinted that our metropolitan population, under the impact of riveting hammers, unserviced trucks, clattering tramcars, and like mechanical devices, is already showing signs of impaired hearing.

Let us take for granted, then, both the existence and the seriousness of the general problem. Let us assume, further, that its accentuation will perhaps ultimately evoke effective remedial measures, whether those of decentralization, reduced mechanization, the application of muffling devices, rigid police control, or a combination of these expedients. There still remains the challenging question—one which has long piqued my curiosity—as to the well-nigh universal apathy of citizens of all classes in the face of such a situation.

I am well aware that present-day Americans have the reputation of being at once a noisy and a *noise-loving* people (a distinction hitherto belonging preëminently to the Italians). This characterization, it must be admitted, seems to be supported by a variety of data based upon current social tendencies. Witness, for example, the tenacious vogue of jazz, and, among even the élite of the concert hall, the increasing popularity of formless, cacophonous tone fabrics whose outstanding appeal is to be found in the vigor and insolence of their onslaught upon the ears of the listener. Closely akin is the widespread practice of radio fans of exploiting to the full the dynamic resources of their receiving sets (even though this indulgence may mean a sleepless night for their neighbors!). Even more to the point is the growing tendency to use the radio as a means of supplying a continuous tonal background for the sundry domestic duties and activities of the day, ranging from housework and correspondence to the entertainment of callers. Again, one recalls the testimony of foreign observers, such as I recently encountered at Lake Louise, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, who allege that American tourists, finding themselves encompassed by the spacious solitude of great mountain sanctuaries, not infrequently complain of the depressing effect of the unbroken *silence!*

Incidentally, it is not difficult to establish a psychological connection between this predilection for noise and our notorious motor mania. In the one case as in the other, the instinctive basis appears to lie in an irrepressible craving for sensation, partly demanded as an offset to the stultifying effects of a highly specialized industrial and business routine, and partly inherent in a way of life which, in default of any genuine capacity for contemplation,—that is, for the life of the mind and spirit,—perforce relies solely upon physical stimulation.

But, making every possible allowance for the positive factor of partiality, as well as for the negative phase of indifference or inhibition, there remains a substantial minimum of noise which cannot be dismissed by reference to either of these attitudes. To this category belong such disturbances as the penetrating yelps of prowling canines baying at the moon beneath one's chamber windows during the "wee small hours," the periodic honking of stertorous motor-car horns apprizing late callers that their escort is waiting to take them home, and the relentless din of midnight radio offerings—a potpourri of jazz and strident vocalization—emanating from a neighboring apartment.

Now I submit not only that these assaults upon the ear are generally unwelcome, but also that for the majority of people it is difficult, if not impossible, to banish them from consciousness sufficiently to preclude serious interruption of their sleep or to maintain the degree of concentration essential for profitable reading, study, or contemplation.

Complaints based upon such annoyances sometimes provoke the rejoinder: "You must learn to *inhibit,*" or else elicit the still more pointed diagnosis: "Your reaction savors of a *neurotic* condition." This argument, despite its superficial plausibility, ignores two very familiar considerations. The first is the obvious fact that a person of normally acute hearing is at once roused from his sleep by a sharp rapping at the door of his bedchamber,—a sound in no way comparable in intensity or penetrating quality to the howling of a dog, the braying of a motor horn, or the more strident blasts emitted by a loud speaker. The second consideration, less familiar in its theoretical aspects but sufficiently evident in the field of practical experience, is the predominantly *auditory* conditioning of the thought processes of a large proportion (perhaps the majority) of civilized human beings, whose thinking—

whether or not they are aware of it—is carried on largely in terms of word-images. For this type of mind there is much pertinence in a literal interpretation of the slang expression: "There was such a racket that I couldn't *hear myself think.*" The effectiveness of cerebration, under these circumstances, is accordingly in inverse ratio to the disturbing effect of sounds extraneous in origin.

This brings us, finally, face to face with the aspect of the problem with which we are especially concerned,—namely, the *supine indifference* that seems to mark the attitude of the average citizen confronted by these indisputable inroads upon his comfort and peace of mind, and even upon his health and, indirectly, his business efficiency. This attitude is less a question of his immediate reaction to certain definite physical stimuli than it is a matter of his ultimate response to the total situation conceived in *social* terms. He may experience a keen sense of personal annoyance; may even, *privately,* express vehement disapproval. But his reaction goes no farther. Let some public-spirited citizen, some naïve apostle of civic reform, clad in the armor of a righteous cause and supported by the sanction of a specific municipal ordinance, approach him with the suggestion that he affix his signature to a memorandum addressed to the duly constituted authorities. No matter how modest the scope, how scrupulously courteous the tone, of the petition, our typical citizen pulls in his horns and, on one pretext or another, declines to become a signatory,—nay, perhaps denies the very existence of a grievance so far, at least, as he is concerned.

What is the key to the riddle? Does the force of logic compel the inexorable conclusion that the bearers of the glorious traditions of 1776 have reversed the order of evolution, and have degenerated into invertebrates incapable of asserting their erstwhile inalienable rights? Long observation of American folk psychology has convinced me that the explanation is to be found, rather, in our current *social philosophy.* The dominant note of this creed is *license,*—complete freedom of action for all who conform to the "mores" (though woe betide the luckless individual whose tastes and way of life, and particularly whose *economic* convictions, diverge from the pattern prescribed by the mob mind!). In a word, according to this philosophy everyone may, within the limits ordained by the folkways, follow his bent without let or hindrance—even though in so doing he treads on his neighbors' toes—provided always he concedes his neighbors the same privilege!

KENNETH G. DARLING.

The Study Table

New Books

W. R. Crocker's "The Japanese Population Problem: the Coming Crisis"[1] is a thoughtful investigation of a serious situation. The author is an Australian now resident in England, where he is connected with Oxford University. The book is based upon the latest available statistics and is well organized. Starting with the simple question whether there *is* overpopulation in Japan, and whether there will continue to be, he admits an actual pressure of numbers. The matter is not simply to strike a balance between the birth-rate and the death-rate. Studies of population nowadays must go far below such evident data. Crocker finds that there is now a large annual increase, but that the birthrate is falling and will continue to do so for some time. There will, however, be a great increase for some years to come. The effect of the decreasing birthrate will only be felt twenty or thirty years hence. In increase for that period ahead lies the real danger. How is it to be obviated? Can Japan take care of so large an increase upon her own soil? Does agriculture answer the question? The opportunity to bring new areas under cultivation is small. Something may yet be done. The land is already over-populated. Unfortunately the population is almost entirely dependent upon a single crop—rice. There are already more workers upon every cultivated acre than can be cared for. The law of diminishing returns is operating. The farmer has already been driven to develop subsidiary sources of income—most important of which is silk. And today the silk industry suffers from over-production and is threatened by silk substitutes. With dependence upon two products, both of which have been carried to their limit, there is small hope in agriculture. Is industrial development the solution? Can the growing population be absorbed by industries? Industrialization is taking place and has bravely been carried far. But Japan has limited resources. She has no great seams of coal, no vast deposits of iron, no broad fields of cotton. She has little hope of important reservoirs of petroleum. She has today perhaps the greatest cotton trade in the world. She has a vast market in India and China. But for her raw material she must depend upon other lands. China and India will no doubt, in time, produce their own cotton yarns and cloths and will compete with her in other markets. Her iron industries have been courageously developed, but for materials she is dependent. The one bright fact in her industrial outlook is that she has vast latent power in her mountain streams. She can go far in hydro-electric development but there are limits to its utilization. It is unlikely that industrial development will absorb her population increase. Crocker sees but a third way to meet the problem—emigration. Here again the outlook is far from encouraging. Japan is barred by law from many desirable areas. Nor is her surplus likely to flow into areas where a cheap labor already exists. There is opportunity in some parts of South America—also in the Dutch Indies. The author, as an Australian, makes an appeal to Australians. There are parts of the island-continent, where white men have made no success. Crocker suggests that a line of latitude might be agreed on, the area north of which—where English settlers have failed—might be thrown open to Japanese settlement and development. The proposition seems none too generous! And, if Japanese emigration were encouraged to South America, to the Dutch Indies, New Guinea, North Australia, and took place on a large scale, would it really relieve the pressure at home? Crocker seems to feel that the problem is only for the next twenty or thirty years; that relief needs to be but temporary; that the falling birth rate will give the solution. We do not feel so sure. It is inter-

1. "The Japanese Population Problem: the Coming Crisis." W. R. Crocker. New York: 1931. The Macmillan Co. 8vo. pp. 240. Price $4.00.

esting that in this study our author makes no urgent, specific appeal for serious birth-control instruction or laws. It is one of the strong points in his sane and sensible discussion. Birth-control exists and has always existed everywhere. The less it is thought out and directed the happier the result.

Of equal significance is Harold G. Moulton's "Japan: an Economic and Financial Appraisal."[2] The author is one of our highest authorities in the field of economics, head of the Brookings Institution. The study was undertaken at the request of Inouye, formerly head of the Bank of Japan and now Minister of Finance. Not only have the statistical materials of the Japanese Government and of the Bank of Japan been placed at Mr. Moulton's disposal, Junichi Ko of the economic research division of the Bank was delegated to assist him in every way. The result is that we have here the most complete and presumably the most reliable mass of material relative to Japan's economic and financial condition that has ever been brought together. It is also quite up to date. The book consists of four Parts and important Appendices. The statistical material is presented in Parts I and II (*Introductory* and *Economic Development*) and in the Appendices. As source material, adequately discussed and analyzed, it will long be authoritative. The great interest for the ordinary reader is found in Parts III and IV (*Integration and Interpretation* and *Problems and Policies of Today*). Of course, Moulton covers much of the ground discussed by Crocker in the book just noticed. The scope of his book is, however, much wider. Japan's development during the past seventy years is a marvel of achievement. It has been possible only by self-searching and careful planning far ahead. It has been accomplished in the presence of great difficulties. Japan is poor in natural resources and limited in possibilities. Today she faces problems of great seriousness. What is the chance for future progress? How are the ever-increasing demands to be met? Moulton does not consider the case hopeless. Japan's financial condition on the whole is sound. How is financial stability to be maintained in the future? We can only indicate some topics, which Moulton presents in a somewhat new fashion. He emphasizes the fact that interest rates are too high. If Japan is to advance industrially they must be reduced. He believes it against Japan's interest to develop iron industries; they are now unprofitable and will have but a limited duration, with no increasing result. He feels that the policy of *economic penetration* is unsound, a point of especial significance just now: Manchuria has been a disappointment and holds little promise, except as a willing and independent customer. He urges that the most important matter is reduction of military expenditure—it is the only way to balance the budget. We have not space for presenting his arguments or for discussing them. We mention these points as samples of his discussion, which is always at once frank and friendly. In a brief summary he makes four suggestions: (a) maintenance of financial stability; (b) reduction in money rates; (c) development of a system of good roads; (d) expansion of manufactured exports to two important trade areas—continental Asia and North America. Moulton closes with these words: "Unless the rate of population growth is restricted, and restricted soon, the social outlook for Japan will present itself in somber colors."

Exceptionally interesting in matter and presentation is Morton C. Kahn's "Djuka: the Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana."[3] Dr. Kahn is not a professional anthropologist, nor was his first call to the Guiana jungle ethnological, but he has had a scientific training and is a real observer. Once interested in the Djuka, he made a second expedition into their country, this time for ethnological purposes. The results of his two expeditions are this book and a collection of remarkable objects in the American Museum of Natural History. The Djuka are African Negroes in a new environment. Brought as slaves to Guiana in the middle of the eighteenth century, they revolted against their Dutch masters before they had time to lose their African consciousness and culture and took to the forest, than which no better retreat for fugitives could anywhere be found. Here *"they have fought the white man with his own weapons and defeated him, forcing him to sue for peace."* They have maintained themselves through two hundred years as truly independent as the people of any free republic. They pay no taxes; their contact with the Dutch government is slight and so far as its financial side is concerned they receive an annuity rather than pay a contribution. There are today something more than twenty thousand of them, living as several tribes, one of which, relatively small, lives in the adjacent French territory. These people are of practically pure African blood; mixture with either whites or Indians is so disapproved that it may be said not to occur. They have lost their African consciousness (knowing only their American jungle) but they have retained their African culture. They have borrowed little from the Indians—the most important loan being the cultivation and utilization of cassava, which they have taken over intact. In daily life, in art (most fully exemplified in their remarkable wood carving), in thought, in religion, they are still West Africans. They have lost their language, but they retain their *spider-stories*. Their language is a charming jargon, largely English and Dutch, spoken with a swing and lilt that are African. While the slaves were no doubt brought from a long stretch of African coast, these Djuka are true Negroes, not Bantu, and are apparently for the most part descended from Coromanti Negroes, from the Gold Coast. Kahn gives a quotation from Hartsinck regarding the slave sources of West Africa and characterizing the slave groups. Of the Coromantyn Negroes he says: "have a good heart but cannot stand wrongs or punishment without reason, and if this happens they take a gun or a knife to take vengeance, and if they are not successful in this they very often cut their own throats." The Coromantyn had a very smooth, black skin with no "marks." Most of the Djuka, judging from Kahn's photographs, have smooth skins without scar-tissue marks. It is possible that those who have such marks are not of Coromantyn ancestry. The game of *mancala* appears to occur among the Djuka. They call it *adji-boto* and it is "played with seeds placed in round holes in a board." This is undoubtedly an African transplant. It is originally a game of Mohammedan lands and in Africa it perhaps never goes far beyond the border of Mohammedan influence. It is fully in place on the Gold Coast.

2. "Japan: An Economic and Financial Appraisal." Harold G. Moulton (with collaboration of Junichi Ko. Washington: 1931. The Brookings Institution. 16mo. pp. xix, 645. Price $4.00.

3. "Djuka: The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana." Morton C. Kahn. New York: 1931. The Viking Press. 16 mo. pp. xxiv, 233. Price $3.50.

Apparently it has been transplanted twice, when found in Guiana. A somewhat serious error occurs in Kahn's bibliography. He accredits four important titles to George W. Ellis, instead of to A. B. Ellis. The book is a fine contribution. Alas! airplanes are now flying over the dense forest jungle of Dutch Guiana.

We recently noticed Shannon's "Negro in Washington." It was a plea for the racial integrity of the American Negro and for his removal to Africa. Embree, author of "Brown America,"[4] shows no great perturbation over the question of racial integrity. Not that he blinks the fact of mixture: there has been mixture on a prodigious scale. He says:

> While there are probably only three or four million persons in this country of purely African ancestry, nearly twelve million are reported to have some African blood and are thus enumerated as members of the new race; American Negroes.

So far as miscegenation is concerned, our author considers that it was greater in the old days—when, as he tells us, Thomas Jefferson regretted that certain of his children were estopped from voting because of the conditions imposed by their maternity and when "a yellow girl reputed to be the daughter of President Tyler" got into trouble. While Embree believes that mixture between white and black is decreasing, he does not expect the white blood to breed out but to be distributed more evenly. He says: "for half a century Negroes have been marrying chiefly within their own ranks and so distributing the primary blood mixtures (Negro-Indian-White) more and more evenly throughout the new race." Embree considers that a new race has grown up on our soil. American Negroes are not African; neither in type, nor language, nor culture, nor civilization—they are an altogether new thing, a brown American race. Nor has he any plan for getting rid of them. They are here and here to stay. He realizes that this is a serious matter and he attempts here to appraise the nature, the condition, the achievement and the outlook of this new race. It is an interesting story, and well told. He discusses them from the viewpoints of economics and politics. He devotes a chapter to the "Odds against the Nigger." On the whole, he is hopeful. Bitterness lessens. An astonishing advance in the face of obstacles is taking place. Opportunities are greater than ever before and are being more generally seized and utilized. Achievements, actual by professional standards, are made. "Looked at in the long view a satisfactory and satisfying future for the new race in America is already assured." Embree comes to his championship legitimately. He is the grandson of John Fee, founder of Berea College and stalwart abolitionist in slave-holding Kentucky.

FREDERICK STARR.

4. "Brown America: The Story of a New Race." Edwin R. Embree. New York: 1931. The Viking Press. 16mo. pp. vi, 311. Price $2.50.

Correspondence

UNITY in Isolated Places

EDITOR OF UNITY:

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No More War

Editor of UNITY:

Is there hope for the world that the raging storm of war which threatens will not break upon us but that the clouds will disperse and the danger pass? If there were a sufficient number of persons who agreed with the writer of a certain letter published in a recent issue of *The Dayton News*, and would say the little monosyllable with firmness, think how readily the problem of the peace of the world would settle itself! Here is the letter—which ought to be read by every sane person of fifteen years or over.

Causes of War

To the Editor of *The News*:

The real cause of the World War was the fact that 20,000,000 men who didn't want to go to war and who had no reason for going to war, and who had nothing to gain and everything to lose by going to war were afraid to say "No" when they were ordered to go to war by a few hundred politicians who did not go to war.

Wars will cease when 20,000,000 men become brave enough to tell a few hundred politicians to to ——.

Dayton —*W. C. Potsmith.*

Is it too much to hope that the readers of this magazine will take seriously to heart the practical suggestion that that letter offers? While politicians are wrangling over all sorts of complications resulting from the World War and refusing to make the little concessions here or there that would untangle the difficulties and remove the fear and menace of future collective homicide, imagine the gasps of shocked surprise those same incompetent politicians would emit on learning that the individual citizens had quietly taken the matter into their own hands by refusing to render any assistance in the event that armed conflict might impend? How the said politicians would have to hustle to solve their international problems by truly statesmanlike, dignified and practical procedure!

The No More War Movement offers the practical method of putting an end to war through the organization which is essential to make individual refusal become effective. The United States headquarters are at 171 W. 12th St., New York City.

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH

Brookline, Mass.

"Wet" Propaganda

Editor of UNITY:

The flood of "wet" propaganda may be subsiding, running out to sea as you intimate. None the less I think the importance of the "wet" issue should be neither overlooked nor minimized in the coming campaign. There are too many temperance people who have been inundated by the "wet" propaganda and imbued with the idea that the Eighteenth Amendment has created a dangerous disrespect for law and order and that the only remedy lies in its repeal.

Unaided, these deluded brothers will hardly get back on dry land by November, 1932, if ever. So let us throw a line to them now.

The flood of Eighteenth Amendment violations is nothing more nor less than a wash-back from the industrial depression. It is a conservative estimate that not even five per cent of illicit handlers of spirituous liquors are such from an inborn desire to violate law or even do so because of a preference for working with liquor. They engage in illicit liquor work for the sole reason that they can obtain employment and earn bread in no other way. They are members of Capitalism's prerequisite army of surplus, competing wage workers.

I am in favor of another Prohibition enactment, an enactment striking at capitalism and wealth drunkenness. The drunkenness that is accountable for the industrial depression, violations of the Eighteenth Amendment and most other social misdemeanors.

W. P. CALKINS.

Montebello, Calif.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 202)

And after these flights into other systems of religious thought, he said, in one of his writings:

"I may tell you in all humility, Hinduism as I know it entirely satisfies my soul and fills my whole being. I find in the Bhagavad Gita and Upanishads a solace that I miss even in the Sermon on the Mount. Not that I do not prize the ideal presented in the latter, but I confess that when doubt haunts me, when disappointments stare me in the face, and when I see not one ray of light upon the horizon, I turn to the Bhagavad Gita and find a verse to comfort me, and I immediately begin to smile in the midst of overwhelming sorrow."

On another occasion he said:

"I claim to be a man of faith and prayer. Religion is not really what is grasped by the brain. You will not find it after reading all the scriptures in the world. It is a heart grasp and not a thing alien to ourselves. It is always with us, with some consciously, with others unconsciously, but it is always there."

He believes and practices that the recognition of life as religion carries with it definite obligations as to conduct. To live as in the presence of God does not mean vague emotions or dreamy devotion. It means the subjection of the body to the needs of the soul and an active life in the service of those around us.

Prayer and meditation have their place; he uses them both. They open up the inner ear and make clear the inner vision, so that in realizing the God within ourselves we can the better perceive him in our fellows. But prayer and meditation must lead on to right action, for by right action can we make manifest the hidden God.

In the forefront of right action he places truth—truth not only in speech but in thought and deed. To be loyal to the truth as one sees it regardless of consequences is to be loyal to the God within. There can be no right action unless it conforms to the highest truth that we see. It need not necessarily be wise, for while wisdom and truth are one in God, we can only interpret them in the little light that we possess. And our conceptions of truth may be constantly changing. What is true for us today need not necessarily be true for us tomorrow, when we may have removed the veil a little more and have discovered more of God within ourselves.

Truth must carry with it fearlessness. Knowing that you walk always in the presence of God, what is there to fear from man? "Even though men should seek to torture you in their ignorance, stand firm and fear not." Truth and fearlessness lead us on to ahimsa or love. Ahimsa, which literally means non-injury or non-violence, means much more than that to Mahatma Gandhi. He once said: "*Ahimsa* means something infinitely higher than abstaining from killing. It really means that you may not offend anyone if you can possibly avoid it. Neither may you harbor an uncharitable thought even in connection with one who seems to be your worst enemy. In other words, *ahimsa* does not mean refraining from action, which is a negative condition, but it does mean the exercise of positive love, so that it becomes a great creative force, creating love itself in the enemy that hates you."

Probably, if one asked Mahatma Gandhi to say in one word, if he could, what his religion stood for he would say: "Love—positive, active love for all that breathes."—*Millie Graham Polak, The Inquirer* (London).

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